

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES. }  
VOL. XXIII. }

OCTOBER, 1872.

{ NEW SERIES.  
{ VOL. I. NO. 10.



A VISIT FROM JESUS.

## A VISIT FROM JESUS.

THE artist shows in the leading picture how gladly Jesus was welcomed to the homes he visited.

Several incidents related in the Gospels reveal his popularity with the people. His kindness of manner won their hearts. His way of talking to them was so different from that of the Scribes, so adapted to their condition, that they loved to listen to him. Wherever he went, they gathered about him, were eager to look upon him, to catch every word he uttered.

When he passed through Jericho, the crowd was so great that Zaccheus, a short man, had to climb into a tree to see him. Jesus, beholding him, called him down, telling him that he should stop at his house. Zaccheus came down in haste, and received him joyfully.

What a blessing that visit was to Zaccheus! How nobly he acted! Not only had Jesus come into his house, but the spirit of Jesus went into his heart.

Into whatever house Jesus went, his presence was always a blessing. Children, women, and men flocked to see him. He won their confidence, softened their hearts, and influenced to deeds of kindness and charity.

A visit from Jesus! How glad such a visit would make every heart! But he visits us now only as the spirit that was in him is in us. That makes his words and deeds a blessing to us; that fills our homes with love, and the earthly life with brightness, because of the Father in heaven.

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TRUTH is immortal: the sword cannot pierce it, fire cannot consume it, prisons cannot incarcerate it, famine cannot starve it.

## LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

September 7, 1872.

DEAR DAYSPRING, — I have been waiting a long time for some one from our school to write to you. I thought some of the teachers or the older scholars ought to write, but I guess they do not feel so much interested in you as we do; they have their "Register," and "Old and New," and so many grown-up papers, that they do not think how much you are to us.

We like you ever so much. At first we didn't like the idea of a change. It seemed like forsaking an old friend to "throw off," as the California boys say, on the "Gazette;" but you are so much nicer in every way that we are more than satisfied.

We have a real nice school. It is large, and yet is lively. I have a kitten at home that used to be very playful when it was little, — it jumped right up on my back once to try to catch the ribbon on my hat, — but now it is big and fat, and it just lies on the hearth or crawls under the stove, and is real stupid.

Our school isn't stupid, and doesn't seem to grow old. It can't grow any bigger till we get larger rooms: for we are crowded now, and have to go down into the church for lessons, which isn't very nice, for it takes time and makes it noisy; and then often, when we are right in the middle of a nice lesson, the sexton rings a bell to let us know he wants us to get out of the church, so that he can open the door and let the people in.

We had a splendid anniversary a short time ago. I think the account in the "Bulletin," which is our best paper (papa says so), is better than any I can write, so I will send you that: —

"PILGRIM SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

"The 19th anniversary of Pilgrim Sunday School was observed last evening in



the Unitarian Church on Geary Street. The exercises were exceedingly interesting, and were evidently enjoyed by both the school and the large audience that filled the church. Soon after seven, the children entered by classes from a side door, and were seated in the front body of the church, the infant class and smaller pupils on the platform near the pulpit.

"After a hymn, sung with spirit by the school, the pastor, Dr. Stebbins, read the story of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and explained it to the little ones in its spiritual signification. It was a symbol, he said, just as the anchor clothed in flowers, which crowned the floral decorations at the back of the pulpit, was a symbol of security and hope. Even as our Master broke the bread, and it grew as it was distributed until all were satisfied, so if the smallest of the children gave their affection, obedience, and love, it would increase as it was given, until all should be made happy and be filled with gratitude. If they had any kindness, they were to pass it around, and there would be enough. His remarks were very happy, and commanded the closest attention from the listening children. Then a fervent prayer was offered, and the school sang a favorite song, 'Mother, I have heard sweet music;' after which followed a beautiful responsive service, wherein the school sung the old hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' to the tune of 'Robin Adair.' Next came the report of the superintendent, J. C. A. Hill, a brief, modest statement of the growth and work of the school. He reported the total number of persons connected with the school at 375, with an average attendance of nearly 300; 1,500 volumes in the library, the children constant; and the school generally prosperous.

"After a chant, the pastor briefly addressed the school, speaking of beauty, physical,

mental, moral, and spiritual; of the changes occurring during the nineteen years, giving a reminiscence of his college life; telling them how nearly he came to coming to California twenty years ago with a pick and shovel; and closed by introducing his friend and classmate, Mr. Ayer, of Boston.

"Mr. Ayer's remarks were intensely enjoyed by the little ones. He has a happy faculty of talking to children; and gained their interest at once, by telling a capital story illustrating the adage, which he first insisted they should repeat after him, 'They serve themselves best who try to serve others most.'

"After a closing hymn and the benediction, the pastor attacked a vast floral pyramid that covered a table fronting the pulpit; and, as by magic, it was resolved into hundreds of small bouquets, one of which was presented, with his blessing, to each scholar and teacher, as they passed by him on their way to the chapel. The decorations were in excellent taste, and showed no little labor on the part of the teachers."

Mr. Ayer told us a very interesting story. If you think your readers would like to hear it, I will write you another letter, and try to tell it. I think this letter must be long enough, and I will stop. Please excuse all mistakes, and accept the love of

SUSIE.

[I thank "Susie" very much for her kind letter, and she will please accept whole heaps of love in return. Mr. Ayer is one of my very best friends, and I know he tells the very best stories. So, if "Susie" will write that story, I shall be delighted to give it to my readers. — THE DAYSPRING.]

BAD habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will spring a new crop of weeds.

## THE THREE TREASURES OF LIFE.

[From the German of the "World-Priest," of Leopold Schefer, author of the "Layman's Breviary."]

ON holy Christmas Eve, long after dark,  
Bending beneath a heavy load of wood,  
From out the silent forest a poor man  
Trudged homeward to his hut. Keenly the stars  
Sparkled overhead; the river smoked with cold;  
And pale and ghostly gleamed the silvery snow.  
Yet in his hamlet seeing now a light,  
He leaned against a tree by the wood's edge,  
And cold and weary soon had sunk to sleep.  
Then a glad dream came o'er him. His young wife  
At home had found a treasure. Eager now  
To help her lift it, he attempts to rise,  
But, weighed down by his load, sinks back again,  
Against his tree, wakes up ashamed, and starting  
Thinks of his seven little ones at home.

Within his little cottage all is dark.  
His load laid down, he steps into the room.  
"Husband, is't thou?" his wife's familiar voice  
Calls from the bed.

"Yes, it is I: where are the little ones?"  
"Around me,—all asleep."

"But thou—I dreamed—  
Hast found a treasure."

"I—a treasure?"

"No?"

Then we are just as well off as before."  
Just then he heard a new-born infant's cry,  
And would have scarce been able now for tears—  
Even if his poor light had not given out—  
Even to see the little guest from heaven.  
"Ah!" says the mother; "yes, I see now, I  
Have found the treasure! . . . such a treasure, too,  
As we poor people, who have nothing better,  
Have need of,—yes, and such as we well earn!  
And such as God gives his beloved ones!  
We must be dear to Him, full well I feel!  
Now we have more anxiety, more toil;  
But what of that? more love, too; ah, full measure!  
Two little boys are lying by my side;  
Only feel here! . . . the little infant heads. . .  
Here! touch them softly!—One!—and here the  
other . . .

And see! the little brothers and sisters there,  
Worn out already with the very joy,  
Have gone to sleep around them; but my heart  
Is wide awake; and, oh, it makes my eyes

Sparkle to see thee, how thou weep'st for joy!  
I thank thee, God! for *Labor, Care, and Love!*"

And in the starlight there he prays aloud,  
His hand laid softly on each infant's head:  
"I thank thee, God! for *Labor, Care, and Love!*"

C. T. B.

## CROQUETING AN ENEMY.

BY P. THORNE.

AFTER tea, the lawn was cool and shady.

"Come," said Josie, "let's have a game  
of croquet. Miss Marcy and I will play  
against you, mother, and Winnie. Two  
big ones, and two little ones."

"I am such a poor player," said Miss  
Marcy, "I shall spoil the whole game."

"Then you will just offset me," said Mrs.  
Wilson; "for I am a miserable player.  
We old people are too busy to give much  
time to croquet. But Josie and Winnie are  
both very good players, so it will be quite  
an even game."

"Oh, do come, Miss Marcy!" said  
Winnie; while Josie had already rolled  
out the balls, picked out her favorite black  
mallet, and was amusing herself by going  
through the wickets, for practice.

Miss Marcy consented, not to be dis-  
obliging, and the game began.

From the very first, "luck" appeared to  
be against Miss Marcy and Josie. In cro-  
quet, as in life, there now and then seems to  
be such a thing as a streak of pure ill luck,  
against which its victims struggle in vain.

In the very beginning, Josie, who usually  
made nothing of going through the first two  
wickets at one stroke, only went through  
one; and, by her second stroke, succeeded  
in placing herself at just convenient cro-  
quetting distance for Winnie.

"Oh, dear!" said Josie, giving her mallet  
an impatient dig into the turf, "how could  
I be so stupid!"



"Much obliged to you," said Winnie, as she croqueted on "black," took two strokes, went through the third wicket and into capital position for the centre double wicket, all at one play.

Miss Marcy played rather worse than usual, if possible. Poor "blue" was all the time being put out of position, croqueted on, sent flying off the ground under the hedge, and, in short, doing every thing but getting through the third wicket, where she stuck hopelessly.

Mrs. Wilson, on the contrary, played much better than usual; so well, that she was in a constant state of astonishment at herself. "Orange" and "white" kept along nicely together. "Orange" hit the stake, croqueted "white" against it also, and then went through two wickets coming back.

"Now, 'blue!'" shouted every one.

"Oh, is it my turn?" said Miss Marcy, from the bench where she sat playing with the kitten. "Now, Josie, come and advise me."

Josie, in her last play, had sent Miss Marcy into fair position for the third wicket. She said:—

"If you try very hard, I think you can go through that wicket. Then hit me, and send me down by 'orange,' but not too near."

"Well, I'll try," said Miss Marcy, in the calmly despairing tone of one who knows she shall fail. She aimed carefully, took very particular pains, and—wired.

Josie hadn't such black eyes for nothing. Back of them was a temper, that was sometimes more than its mistress could manage. This temper had been gradually rising under the run of ill luck. She could not endure to be beaten. This last stroke was altogether too much for the temper.

She said nothing; but, walking off with grim, glum looks, began pinching and smell-

ing the geranium-leaves. When the call for "black" came, she sauntered up, looking as black as her mallet, gave a careless poke to her ball, and strolled off again. The good-natured laugh and chat of the others only made her feel crosser. She felt vexed with Miss Marcy and every one else; so she sulked, and would not try to play well.

No one appeared to notice Josie's ill temper, though her mother and Miss Marcy both knew that two battles were being fought on the croquet-ground: one, to win at croquet; and the other, in Josie's heart, where good and evil struggled for the mastery.

For, in the midst of Josie's crossness, something told her it was wrong; reminded her of her impoliteness to her guest, of Miss Marcy's kindness.

"Don't you remember, Josie Wilson," said Conscience, "how this very day Miss Marcy gave up her reading, and made a real polonaise for your doll? Aren't you ashamed to be so cross? She can't help it. She don't know how to play any better."

The clouds on Josie's face slowly cleared up. She drove ill temper away from her with a strong knock, that croqueted him entirely out of sight. She picked a big double pink and a geranium-leaf, and ran up to Miss Marcy with a face that was all sunshine now.

"Here's a button-hole bouquet for you, Miss Marcy," she said.

"Thank you, Josie," said Miss Marcy, smilingly, as she stuck this peace-offering in her dress. "We don't care if we are beaten, do we?"

"No, indeed!" said Josie, bravely. "We play for the fun of it, not just for the beating."

When Winnie knocked both balls against the stake, and called out triumphantly, "There, you're beaten!"—

"I don't care," said Josie. "Come, Winnie, let's have a race;" and away she scampered, with a light heart. Because, although she had lost at croquet, she had won a victory in "Life's Battle," and nothing makes one feel happier than that.

### "HE LIVES IN THE POOR-HOUSE."

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.



It was recess, and I stood at my window watching the children playing.

There were nearly two hundred of them in the play-grounds and play-rooms. Not all children either, for some were young men and young ladies who were at school for the last term. Some were little girls that had just got to be big ones, — or, rather, they had just got long dresses on, and their hair done in a waterfall. Some were little children all the way from five to twelve, boys and girls.

Some were jumping rope, some swinging, some playing "bean bag," and some little boys of ten or twelve were turning somersaults, standing on their heads, or leaping over the bent bodies of each other. All were as limber as eels, and as smart at it as they were at their studies when inside. It is of this group that I want to tell you a true story. I think some of you will recognize yourselves before I finish; but I really hope you are, none of you, so thoughtlessly wicked.

As I watched them, along came an old man with a handkerchief tied over his head, and an old-fashioned beaver hat set over that in such a way that it looked afraid of the face below it, so had got perched on the back of his head as far as it could, and not fall off.

His face was seamed and scarred and red; a large lot of gray whiskers surrounded his face; his eyes were small and blue, and somehow looked as if they never had formed a habit of seeing much; his clothes were ragged and dirty, and he was wheeling a barrow with an old crazy-looking basket in it.

He lived at the poor-house, and was after kindlings for some of the fires there. He came along with a timid step, as if he was afraid to pass the boys. And well he might be; for no sooner did the somersaulters and leapers spy him, than they were on their feet in an instant, whooping and shouting, "Here comes Calvert! here comes Calvert! Let's have some fun, boys! It's nothing: he lives in the poor-house."

Poor Calvert dropped his wheelbarrow and looked about on the whooping, thoughtless throng; and I did not wonder that he did look about him, for I could see that this was not the first time such shouting armies had attacked him.

One pulled his coat; one pushed his hat forward with a, "Calvert, you're out of fashion: tip your beaver forward."

Another pulled his many-colored patched coat, and asked him where he bought his "Dolly Varden."

Another pulled his pants, and told him, there were "so many fringes, there was no spring to the bottoms."

Another asked for the size of the boots, another for his "Grant neck-tie," and suggested Greeley vests; and then they asked him where he boarded. It was too much for the old man, that question was; and he began to strike about and to swear fearfully. Just then the school-bell struck, and the scholars began to file in.

I was pained. I was sick at heart. There were the boys I had loved so, some from my room, and some from the other rooms, insult-



ing an old man. I couldn't have believed it if I had not seen it; and while the scholars were taking their seats, I walked the floor and meditated. I knew they did not realize how cruel and unkind they had been; but I could not let it pass. My heart bled for the old man.

I walked about the room until they were in position, and then said, "Never mind the class now; I've something to tell you."

They brightened just as they always did at promise of the teacher to tell them "something." They were quite sure it was a story, because I quite often rested them with an entertaining story.

"Boys, you all have good fathers, haven't you?" Every hand came up.

"Certainly, I thought so. I'm glad of it. Well, I've been thinking lately that you children know but very little what is before you. I don't know how many rich men, talented lawyers, God-fearing missionaries, authors and authoresses, I'm now looking around on, but without doubt I'm looking upon some; and I do not know how many *down paupers* I am looking upon now, because *every town pauper was a boy once*. Every old trembling man was an active boy once, and turned as many somersaults as you can now perhaps. Every one in that poor-house over there was young and happy once. Did you ever think of that?" The little faces began to grow sober. "Boys, let me paint a picture for you. Let me take the best father that sends to this school."

Every boy looked anxious for me to take his.

"Never mind, I'll take yours, Frankie. He works hard for you from early morn till closing of the day, doesn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, now help me paint. See him going along year after year, working and toiling for you and your sisters, trying hard

to earn enough for your clothes and schooling. By and by there stand your sisters being married to somebody, and they go off from home long, long miles. You go to sea. Father and mother toil on, working to make a pleasant home for the children to come to. By and by mother dies of over-work, and is buried. Perhaps the children will put a grave-stone at her grave, with her name and age; but that doesn't tell much about the lonely hours she has spent over your cradles, nor the weary hours she has stitched, washed, and mended for you. 'Twould take a grave-stone with an area of a square mile to tell one half.

"Well, perhaps you wander off into strange countries; the girls think mother is dead, and lose their longing for home, and don't visit it as before. Have hard work to get victuals for their own little ones. Maybe you, who might be a staff for his old age to lean upon, never return, but are buried beneath the waters.

"The old man soon hears of the death of another, and then the other girl (for I shan't paint the picture as it is plainly drawn sometimes, for I don't believe you or your sisters are cruel enough to desert him while you live); then he pines for them, gets too old to work, and away he goes to the poor-house."

The blue eyes filled with tears.

"He never dreamed of it once, you don't dream of it now; but, my dear little boys, your parents are just as likely to end their days in that poor-house as some that are there now; but it doesn't seem so, because the time is a little farther off perhaps."

"Suppose we change the light of the picture now, children, where you can see it plainer."

The girls looked pitying, and the boys were seeing the application.

"Days go on: he gets feeble and totter-

ing, and it is hard work for him to walk. He tries to mind the poor-master, and goes on little errands, that his shattered mind can remember; but cannot venture on the street, because some *noble, manly, generous, and kind* boys,—are those the correct adjectives to apply to that noun *boys, scholars?* ”

“No, ma’am,” came faintly from the quivering lips.

Well, then *thoughtless* boys—because *thoughtless, naughty* boys will tease and terrify him, so that he is afraid to pass by them. They are young and nimble, and he knows he cannot attack them before they are out of his reach. Now, Frank, how do you like that picture? Could you love those boys? Would your sleep beneath the blue waves be any sweeter for it? Could you wish teachers and parents to stand by and speak no word in the old man’s behalf?”

“No, ma’am,” came from shame-bowed heads.

“And another thing, Who feels any lighter-hearted over the picture? and who can see what it means?” The hands of the whole school came up.

“Who promises to profit by it?” All the hands came up again.

“Who will promise me never to give as an excuse again,—‘It’s nothing: *he lives in the poor-house?*’ ”

Every hand rose gladly.

“But, boys, you’ve got a weight that you hadn’t before recess. It’s the weight of those oaths you provoked that man to utter. Who’ll promise to try to lessen it by never provoking a repetition?”

Up came the dear little hands.

“Now one more promise, boys and girls;” and I said it slowly and solemnly.

“Who’ll promise to treat every poor-house inmate as they would like to have their darling father and mother treated, if they live to weep at your graves, and, with no

willing hands to work for them, have to go ‘Over the hill to the poor-house!’ ”

Tears stood in their eyes, and the hands came up with a sorrowful motion, as if grieving because there appeared to be a remote chance for such an ending.

That night after school, I saw the astonished Calvert drop his barrow to look in amazement at one of the penitent ones, who had overtaken him, and begged his forgiveness.

Little boy or girl, did you, or do you, do so, because it’s some poor man or woman who “lives in the poor-house”? If so, promise me never to repeat the wicked, cruel act; and, if nothing else restrains you, remember my picture, the sermon it preached, and the converts it made. Remember it may be your folks, or you, at some day in the future.

#### OPEN THE DOOR.

OPEN the door for the children:

Tenderly gather them in;

In from the highways and hedges,

In from the places of sin.

Some are so young and so helpless!

Some are so hungry and cold!

Open the door for the children,

Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children.

See! they are coming in throngs.

Bid them sit down to the banquet;

Teach them your beautiful songs.

Pray you the Father to bless them;

Pray you that grace may be given.

Open the door for the children:

“Of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Open the door for the children:

Take the dear lambs by the hand;

Point them to truth and to goodness;

Send them to Canaan’s land.

Some are so young and so helpless!

Some are so hungry and cold!

Open the door for the children,

Gather them into the fold.

S. S. Gem.





PICKING BLACKBERRIES.

## PICKING BLACKBERRIES.

BESSIE likes blackberries. See how good they taste to her as she puts them, one by one, into her mouth!

She does not see what the vines have so many little prickles all over them for. She tried to pick some berries, and scratched her arm so that she jumped to get away; but the vines stuck to her dress, and held her so tight that she could not get away from them.

The more she tried to get them off, the more they clung to her. Lucy could not help laughing at first to see Bessie struggling to get away from the blackberry-vines. Then she told her to keep still, and she would let her loose.

So Lucy took hold of the vines very carefully, and pulled them off, one after the other, from Bessie's dress. Then she found a good seat for her, and told her to sit down, and she would pick some berries for her.

Lucy picked a lot in her apron, and then emptied them in Bessie's apron. You may be sure Bessie soon forgot her scratches in eating the sweet, juicy berries. I hope the berries did not stain their aprons or their dresses.

Lucy is always good to Bessie, just as almost all girls are to their younger sisters.

Bessie began last spring to go to Sunday-school. She likes to go so well that she goes every Sunday, rain or shine. Here is the verse she learned last Sunday:—

“How good is God the fruit to give  
That hangs on vine or tree!  
I'll love him dearly while I live,  
For all his love to me.”

For The Dayspring.

## THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

## CHAPTER IV.

TOPSHAM, October, 1858.

DEAR MADGE,—Mother says aunty's right in not letting you write of a Sunday, if you've neglected your Sunday lesson. She wants us to be brave, and lay down rules ourselves. I've laid down one,—not to neglect baby; though I'm just flying to write to you.

Madge, don't you hate neighbors? Mother's hired a small girl to take care of baby whilst I'm at school. Mrs. Ashby don't think it worth while; though mother told her she must have time to knit,—or where would the rent come from? I wanted to say to her, “You shall not plague my mother!” But mother looked at me quiet-like, and I pinched my arm to keep still.

Mother had red spots on her cheeks; but when Mrs. Ashby went at last, she said I must never forget how kind Mrs. Ashby was when my father died, and brother was so little; how she sat up nights, and sent jelly. Madge, she wouldn't let me have any of the jelly, even candied; and I wish only *pleasant* women helped you.

The small girl will not cost much. She's short; and to wear my last winter's plaid



for best, and my chocolate calico (you hated) for every day. I've outgrown them both. Her wages are to be what she eats. And, for fear she'd "eat us out of house and home," as Mrs. Ashby says, I shall take small bits of butter all winter. Don't you wish we'd lived in grandma's *cheap* butter times? Mrs. Ashby says the farmers are making all the milk into cheese. If they could only make the moon into cheese, — green, you know, like that Tom brought home (why even baby liked that sage cheese, — a crumb), — butter'd be cheaper.

But the farmers can't turn molasses into cheese; so the small girl and I will spread our bread with that. Bread and milk will do for a change; for I shall set her the example of not being dainty.

Bridget calls her *coozin*. What lots of *coozins* some folks have! — and I, only you and Tom, and far away. I do wonder that every one doesn't write *notes*; but I couldn't write *verses* because my hair don't curl. Girls with straight hair only do what's plain. Curls are light, like wings. Angels have both. I suppose *they* make verses, and sing, as they travel over the clouds. I never saw one with a doll or a hoop.

I've a hoop, Madge, a light one. How it spins! I feel like hoppy-ty-skipping all the time, every thing is so pleasant. Mother says, if I lived in Boston, I should knock all the little old men and women off the sidewalk. How funny that when we grow old, we grow short! Grandma has. We ought to take tucks in our knees; but it would hurt to let them out.

I can't make up my mind about changing Slater's doctor. The other day, when baby was feverish, I was singing to him, —

"Here a quack,

There a quack,

Here and there a quack,"

and Dr. White came up the stairs. He was

laughing. When he went, mother said I must not sing those words before him, for "quack" meant a poor doctor.

Now, as you say, if there'd only been words enough for the different meanings. I'm sure Dr. White doesn't quack like a duck! Ping Wing may like a little note from the baby. He's so small he can only think small words. But mother says we can show love in little ways.

Here's baby's note: —

DEAR DOLLY, — B, A, ba — B, E, be — B, I, bi — Ba-be-bi; B, O, bo — Ba-be-bi-bo; B, U, bu — Ba-be-bi-bo-bu.

BABY HAZELTINE.

Now, isn't that cunning — baby's first note? Slater's feverish too; can't collect her thoughts; says I may write what I please to Ping Wing. I don't please to write much, they behave so. It would amuse Slater to hear about your museum, when she isn't taking cooling drinks. I wish I could afford to buy ice for her. Lyddy Ashby gives it to Jemima.

Mother says "whang-doodle" may be a relation of "Yankee-Doodle." It may belong to a museum. What if it is chow-chow? Slater's too ill to guess. Ping Wing may be able to, as she's Chinese. Baby preaches already, and says "Be good;" for he looks solemn, when he isn't crowing, than our deacon. If I thought about it, I shouldn't like dolls staring in the dark; but I'm so sleepy, I've only time to say my prayers, "that baby and I may be good, you and I live together, and mother have money." I should like to be as careless of my boots as Lyddy Ashby, and not have to try to walk square. *That Sunday*, did you cry much? I wish Conscience wasn't seated in *my* heart; for she wouldn't let me drive hoop on the crackly leaves this afternoon. Lyddy beckoned, baby was asleep, Bridget was to look in; but Conscience whispered,

"Though you didn't promise, you know your mother trusts the baby to you, who may crawl to the side of the crib, and pitch out." So I set my back to Lyddy and the leaves: but I kept thinking, "Lyddy's got a baby too, but goes out;" and I wondered why I must do right when it wasn't pleasant.

But it was made up to me when tired mother thanked me for keeping him safe, for I was rocking and singing when she got home. And, Madge, small girl's coming, and, if aunty's willing, you and I can go to grandma's! Bring your paint-box; I, my hoop. It will do the dolls good. How splendid!—all but Aunt Wealthy. Yours, in a hurry, for I've a big wash for Slater.

LOU H.

For The Dayspring.

## LETTERS TO LITTLE FRIENDS.

### II.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND KATHERINE, — Your darling baby-sister has left this home, where you live with dear father and mother, and has gone to live with little sister Mary, in God's home in heaven.

You will miss her cunning ways and pretty smiles and twilight frolics, but you must try to think about her as being with Jesus, — Jesus, who *loved* little children, and who "took them in his arms and blessed them." Some little children God leaves in their earthly homes; others he takes away from the fathers and mothers, because he knows it is best. But *all* little children are cared for by God, our heavenly Father; and those who remain in the *earthly* homes must try to be very good and gentle and kind; and then, when *they* die, they will go to live all together in the home where Jesus is.

Mother must feel very sad to miss her darling babe, for whom she so cared by day and by night; but *she* knows that God is

good, and that he loves baby better than *she* does, and will care for her tenderly.

When you saw baby-sister lying so still in her little crib, unable to hear your loving words, or to open her little eyes, *then* you knew that she was dead; but did not you love her just as much? And mother told you that her *spirit* was not *dead*, — *that* had gone to live with Sister Mary's spirit, and was happy, and would love you still.

Try to be a very good little girl, Katherine, for father and mother love you very much, and want you also, when you die, to be able to go to heaven, so that they will have three little ones whom Jesus loves.

When I meet little girls in the street, or see them playing in the parks, I often wonder, Katherine, if all of them have such a good mother as you have. I fear that some of these little girls are not so cared for as you are; for, though their mammas or friends may dress them prettily, and may send them to school, and give them toys for amusement, yet they forget to teach them about God, and Jesus, and heaven.

Are not those happy hours, Katherine, when mother reads to you some Bible verses, and then talks to you about the heavenly Father, and about Jesus the Saviour; and then shows you how you, although a little child, can love that Saviour, and can show that love by being every day gentle and kind and patient and generous?

Your friend,

"PATIENT WAITING."

## THE SANDAL-TREE.

THE best revenge is love: disarm

Anger with smiles; heal wounds with balm;

Give water to thy thirsting foe.

The sandal-tree, as if to prove

'Tis sweet to conquer hate by love,

Perfumes the axe that lays it low.

S. C. Wilkes.



## JACK AND JILL.

Two little boys named Jack and Jill  
Were one day coasting down the hill.  
Said Jack, "I think it's very queer  
We can't have snow all through the year."

"But would it not be queerer still  
To have no fruit?" said little Jill.  
"No pies to eat the whole year through?  
*That*, I think, Jack, would not suit you."

"For surely apples could not grow,  
Or pumpkins, were there always snow.  
No purple grapes or peaches rare  
Should we find growing anywhere."

"And what would cattle find to eat  
Without their pastures green and sweet?  
And where would farmers get their hay  
Unless the snow should go away?"

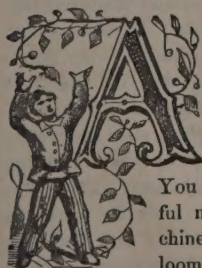
"Ah me!" said thoughtless little Jack,  
"I never stopped to think of that.  
I only thought how nice 't would be  
If there was snow for you and me."

The seasons as they come and go  
Bring varied pleasures without snow.  
I think God knows what he's about,  
Though boys don't always find it out.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

## THE BURNING CYLINDER.



FACTORY for  
weaving cotton cloth  
is not a novelty, and  
I presume that many  
of my young readers  
have visited such.

You admired the wonder-  
ful mechanism of the ma-  
chinery. How swiftly the  
loom moves! It seems to

know when its work is well done; for, as  
soon as a thread breaks, it stops till it is  
mended.

Did you ever go where this cloth is made

into the beautiful calico which you wear?  
If not, when you come to Lowell, go with me  
into the Merrimack Print Works, and see the  
varied and wonderful process by which this  
is done.

In a large, long room, you will see cylin-  
ders about a yard long and a foot in diameter,  
heated red hot, and revolving with great  
velocity.

Over these is rapidly drawn the white  
cotton cloth, which, by being afterwards  
printed with varied colors and figures, is  
made into calico.

Each of these cylinders is carefully watched  
by a man, to prevent the cloth stopping on  
the cylinder, or running so slowly as to get  
burned. If he were negliger of his duty  
for one minute, the cloth, by too long con-  
tact with the red-hot cylinder, would be  
injured, and perhaps destroyed.

I make use of this illustration to enforce  
a simple truth; viz., that contact with vicious  
companions is dangerous.

The low, the vulgar, and the profane are  
like *burning cylinders*; the longer you remain  
in contact with them, the greater the danger  
of being injured, and perhaps ruined. Solo-  
mon says: "Blessed is he who standeth not  
in the way of sinners;" "One sinner de-  
stroyeth much good." We should treat such  
persons kindly and civilly, but not make com-  
panions of them.

I did think of pointing out to you the per-  
sons to whom I refer; but each boy and girl  
has, I trust, sufficient discernment to know  
the character of his or her associates.

There are two other companions whom  
you should shun. One is Evil Thoughts.

To dwell upon evil thoughts is to make  
them our companions. Thoughts ripen into  
words, and words into deeds. They some-  
times come unsolicited, but it is easy to  
expel them by turning the mind in another  
direction. Evil deeds are generally the

result of thoughts which have been allowed to dwell in the mind.

You do not welcome to your companionship the playmate who makes sport of you, or speaks ill of your brother or sister; neither should you welcome those thoughts which will cause you sorrow and mortification.

The other companion which you should shun is Books. I do not, of course, include all books, nor need I refer to those of a low moral tone; but I refer to reading embraced in the class called "sensational," such as fills the pages of some of the weekly papers. This kind of reading is largely sought for in public libraries, and occasionally finds its way into our Sunday schools,—a reading which excites the imagination, and causes a distaste for that which requires attention and thought. The former weakens, while the latter informs, invigorates, and strengthens.

There is truth in the remark that you can judge of the character of a person by the quality of the books which he reads.

Select, my young friends, only those which will instil into the mind correct ideas of life, and make you wiser, nobler, and better.

Beware of evil companions.

M. G. H.

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For The Dayspring.

## ABOUT BIRDS.

I FEEL sure, children, that you all love birds, and will be interested in what I have to tell you, especially as it is true; and, with all your love of fairy tales, which are "So splendid!" I find that "the real true" ones please most. Three little children that I know—Fanny and her two brothers—live in a pretty, quiet home, almost in the country; so near, that the woods are close by, and the birds all around them. The

cows, too, pass morning and evening, while plenty of toads, grasshoppers, and even small, harmless snakes, visit them.

These little people are chiefly interested in the birds. Of course they like Robin Redbreast, so jolly-looking, fat, and saucy. He is a sad thief, however, like another famous "Robin," who was just such a saucy, bold, irresistible thief. You must know whom I mean, for "Robin Hood" comes very near to the "splendid fairy tales" you love. Our robins are not such very bad fellows, though they do get all the best early cherries. You know—for all of you have read the sad tragedy of "Cock Robin"—that they long ago affirmed that "Cherry pie is very good;" and what would the cherry pie be like with the cherries left out? I do not expect *you* to answer the question, nor *Robin* either. Not he: look at him and his "merry men all," bobbing in and out of the tree, playing "Bob-Cherry," taking the ripest and reddest for *their* pies, and leaving the stems and stones for ours! But they are so merry and earnest over their entertainment, that we feel inclined to thank the rogues for depriving us of our pies, we get something so much better in return.

Last summer, a pair of robins built a nest among the honeysuckles and Wisterias that shaded the front veranda. It was too high for the children to look into; but the movements of the birds, as they builded their pretty home, supplied each other with food, and, after a time, supplied also four young mouths, that were always open and "asking for more," were plainly seen. There was quite an exciting time when the nest was vacated. Such a twittering and fluttering as the old birds coaxed the young ones to try their unused wings! It was at first as in the nursery rhyme, "Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, downy;" but finally they flew off triumphantly, leaving



us quite lonely, and the children's occupation gone.

But the tiny wrens are greater favorites than the robins. You know them and their pretty ways, — half shy, half bold, — coming so near for the crumbs you throw them, but flying frightened away if you but speak or move.

In a low tree, that bore sweet, bright blossoms in the spring, and was defended by sharp thorns, one of these little birds built her tiny nest. How busy and happy she was, flying in and out of the tree with her delicate building materials in her beak; and how happy the little children were, that often watched but never disturbed her! They would speak softly and step lightly whenever they passed the thorn-tree. After a time four tiny eggs were to be seen in the nest, but not often, as the little wren seldom left home. She did not seem at all afraid of her young visitors; but evidently knew that they would not harm her, and her bright eyes seemed to answer back their glad, loving glances.

One day, the children left home, and did not return till evening. Before they went, a parting visit was made to their little friend, and a merry good-by given. A strange, ugly, yellow cat, with green, hungry-looking eyes, that was prowling about, was driven away, and the house closed.

Early in the evening, the three happy little folks came back, and hurried to greet their friend.

But, dear children, I am sorry to have to tell you of the sad sight that met them, and of their grief. The cat with the cruel-looking eyes had too surely returned. The pretty bird was gone, the nest overturned, and the eggs lay broken on the ground. It happened more than a year ago, but we still look at the tree which sheltered our little friend with sadness. The springtime brought

fresh green leaves and sweet, fair blossoms to it, and its thorny branches grew thicker and more sheltering; but no birds came to build among them, and we are often reminded as we pass of the pretty Spanish proverb, —

"There are no birds in last year's nests."

F. B. T.

### HOW HE GOT OVER.

In Scotland they have narrow, open ditches they call sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep pasture, and when Mr. Donkey came to a sheep-drain, he would not go over it. So the man rode him back a short distance, and turned him around, and put the whip to him; thinking of course that the donkey, going so fast, would jump the drain before he ever knew it. But not so. On they came: and, when the donkey got to the drain, he stopped all of a sudden, and the man went over Mr. Jack's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and, looking Mr. Donkey straight in the face, he said: —

"Very weel pitched; but then, how are ye going to get over yersel'?"

HENRI IV. took up a peasant boy behind him, pretending he would take him to see the king.

"How shall I know the king when he is among so many nobles?" said the boy.

"You will know him by his being the only one who will keep his hat on."

As the king trotted up to his officers, they all uncovered. "Now, my lad," said the monarch, "which is the king?"

"It must be either you or I," answered the boy; "for we have both got our hats on."

"I OWE all my success in life to having been a quarter of an hour before my time," said Lord Nelson.

## BOOK NOTICE.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM, and other Poems, by John G. Whittier, comes, in very pretty style, from James R. Osgood & Company.

All readers will welcome this sweetly told story of early Pennsylvania life, and appreciate its tribute to the Quaker spirit of faithfulness and trust. Who can help loving the

"Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm,  
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm"?

And the great lesson of it all who is not glad to learn?

"Enough to know that, through the winter's frost  
And summer's heat, no seed of truth is lost,  
And every duty pays at last its cost."

ERRATA. — The poem, "My Kingdom," in our last, was from the German of Nic. Müller, and not "Mc." "Breaking" in the fifth stanza should have been *lurking*.

A SMALL boy arose at a Sunday-school concert, and began quite glibly: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell — and fell." Here his memory began to fail him. "And — fell by the roadside, and thorns sprang up and shocked him."

## Puzzles.

16.

## RIDDLE.

Before Creation's birthday I was made;  
Of me the bravest hero is afraid;  
Sounder am I than soundest common sense,  
And I am stronger than Omnipotence.  
The blindest man on earth beholdeth me;  
For me the Scripture bids man careful be;  
The superficial scholar knows me well,  
But what I am the deepest scarce can tell.

C. T. B.

An answer solicited.

17.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

[This comes from a little girl ten years old.]

My first is in hill, but not in mountain;  
My second is in river, but not in fountain;  
My third is in drunk, but not in sober;  
My fourth is in work, and also in labor;  
My fifth is in rich, but not in poor;  
My sixth is in hatchet, but not in saw;  
My seventh is in ten, but not in one;  
My eighth is in star, but not in sun;  
My ninth is in walk, but not in run.  
My whole a girl's name, — a pretty one.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

14. — Galilee.

Olives.

Siloam.

Priscilla.

Elizabeth.

Lydia. — GOSPEL.

15. — M amr e.

O thnie l.

S ina i.

E lish a.

S osthene s. — MOSES — ELIAS.

HEARKEN unto me, ye holy children, and bud forth as a rose growing by the brook of the field.

Ecclesiasticus.

"FLOWERS are the alphabet of angels, whereby They write on hills and fields mysterious truths."

KEEP yourself innocent, if you would be happy.

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